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THE Western Dominion.

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Office over Vickrey's Drug Store.

TERMS:

If paid in advance,.....1 00

ADVERTISING:

One Square, 1 week.....\$1 00
" " 3 months.....3 00
" " 6 months.....5 00
" " 1 year.....8 00

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Advertisements not marked for a definite time, will be published until ordered out and charged accordingly.

Miscellaneous.

The Democrats of Indiana will celebrate the recent glorious victory in good old Democratic style in Indianapolis. We will post our readers as to time, so that they can be on hand.

The San Francisco Globe says that John B. Weller will probably be designated as the Democratic candidate for Governor of California by acclamation.

The popular majority for the Democracy at the recent election for delegates to the Convention in Minnesota is upward of sixteen hundred. So says the St. Paul Pioneer.

Abuse, (Iowa), Aug. 4. The election passed off quietly yesterday. The vote of this city stands at about 1,000 for the Democrats and 400 for the Republicans.

Among the articles now on exhibition in New York, is a beautiful silver vase presented by the British Government to Mr. Henry Grinnell; also, a splendid sword, which was a personal present from the Queen of Great Britain to Capt. Hartstein.

DIED IN THE HARTEST FIELD.—Mr. Christian Kreider, a man aged about sixty-five, who resided in Washington township, fell dead while binding a sheaf of wheat on Thursday last. He had been in feeble health for some time, and was working for his own gratification.—Peru Sentinel.

The six degrees of crime are thus defined:

He who steals a million is only a financier. Who steals a half a million is only a swindler. Who steals a hundred thousand is a rogue.—But he who steals a pair of boots or a loaf of bread is a scoundrel of the deepest dye, and deserves to be lynched.

NIAGARA FALLS, August 3.—Last evening about 5 o'clock, a large piece of rock weighing not less than one hundred tons fell from the precipice on Goat Island, 300 feet from the British falls. Four persons were at the foot of the precipice at the time, three of whom were injured; G. W. Parsons of Cleveland, it is feared fatally, F. G. Williams, of New Haven, had an arm broken, and a boy named Harvey a leg broken.

At an early hour yesterday morning the ferry boats plying between New Albany, Portland and Jeffersonville were crowded with Irishmen and Germans fleeing from Louisville to the Indiana side, feeling that their lives were not safe in that city on election day. Many had with them their wives and children. Among them were men of property—honest, industrious, sober citizens. What a commentary on the spirit of know-nothingism! This is the freedom and protection which the secret order guarantees to the citizen—compelling him to abandon his home and his State, as if a band of Camanche savages were on his trail.—N. A. Ledger.

REVOLUTIONARY.

One day in the middle of winter, General Greene, when passing a sentinel who was bare-footed, said, "I fear, my good fellow, you suffer from the severe cold." Very much, was the reply, "but I do not complain. I know I should fare better, had our General the means of getting supplies. They say, however, that in a few days we shall have a fight, and then I shall take care to see my pair of shoes."

A YANKEE JUDGE AND A KENTUCKY LAWYER.

Few persons in this part of the country are aware of the difference that exists between our manners and customs, and those of the people of the Western States. Their elections, their courts of justice, present scenes that would strike us with astonishment and alarm. If the jurors are, as has been asserted, run down with dogs and guns, color is given to charges like this, by the repeated successful defiance of law and judges that occur, by the want of dignity and self-respect evinced by the judges themselves, and by the squabbles and brawls that take place between members of the bar. There is to be found, occasionally there, a judge of firmness and decision, decorum even among the most turbulent spirits, or at least to punish summarily all violations of law and propriety. The following circumstances which occurred in Kentucky, were related to us by a gentleman who was an eye witness to the transaction.

Several years since, Judge R., who was a native of Connecticut, was holding a court at Danville. A cause of considerable importance came on, and a Mr. D., then a lawyer of considerable eminence, and afterwards a member of Congress, who resided in a distant part of the State, was present to give it his personal supervision. In the course of Mr. D.'s argument, he let fall some profane language, for which he was promptly checked and reprimanded by the Judge. Mr. D., accustomed to unrestrained license of the tongue, retorted with great asperity, and much harshness of language.

"Mr. Clerk," said the Judge, coolly, "put down twenty dollars fine to Mr. D."

"By —," said Mr. D. "I'll never pay a cent of it under heaven, and I'll swear as much as I chose."

"Put down another fine of twenty dollars, Mr. Clerk."

"I'll see the devil have your whole generation," replied Mr. D., "before my pockets shall be picked by a cursed Yankee interloper."

"Another twenty dollar fine, Mr. Clerk."

"You may put on as many fines as you please, Mr. Judge, but by — there's a difference between imposing and collecting, I reckon."

"Twenty dollars more, Mr. Clerk."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Mr. D., with some bitterness, "you are trifling with me, I see, sir; but I can tell you I understand no such joking; and by —, sir, you will do well to make an end of it."

"Mr. Clerk," said the Judge, with great composure, "add twenty dollars more to the fine, and hand the accounts to the Sheriff. Mr. D. the money must be paid immediately, or I shall commit you to prison."

The violence of the lawyer compelled the Judge to add another fine; and before night, the obstreperous barrister was swearing with all his might to the bare walls of the county jail. The session of the Court was terminated, and the lawyer seeing no prospect of escape through the mercy of the Judge, after a fortnight's residence in prison, paid his fine of one hundred and twenty dollars, and was released.

He now breathed nothing but vengeance.

"I'll teach the Yankee scoundrel," said he, "that a member of the Kentucky bar is not to be treated in this manner with impunity."

The Judge held his next court at Frankfort, and thither Mr. D. repaired to take revenge for the indignity he had suffered. Judge R. is as remarkable for resolute fearlessness as for talents, firmness and integrity; and after having provided himself with defensive weapons, entered upon the discharge of his duties with the most philosophic indifference. On passing from his hotel to the court house, the judge noticed that a man of great size, and evidently of tremendous muscular strength, followed him so closely as to allow no one to step between them. He observed also that Mr. D., supported by three or four of his friends, followed hard upon the heels of the stranger, and on

entering the court room, posted himself as near the seat of the judge as possible—the stranger meantime taking care to interpose his huge body between the lawyer and the judge. For two or three days, matters went on in this way; the stranger sticking like a burr to the judge, and the lawyer and his assistants keeping as near as possible, but refraining from violence. At length, the curiosity of Judge R. to learn something respecting the purposes of this modern Hercules became irresistible, and he invited him to his room, and inquired who he was, and what object he had in view in watching his movements thus pertinaciously.

"Why, you see," said the stranger, ejecting a quid of tobacco that might have freighted a small skiff, "I'm a ringtailed roarer from Big Sandy River; I can outrun, outjump, and outfight any man in Kentucky. They told me in Danville, that this 'ere lawer was comin down to give you a lickin. Now I hadn't nothin agin that, only he wa'n't a goin to give you fair play, so I come here to see you out, and now if you'll only say the word, we can flog him and his mates in the twinkling of a quart pot."

Mr. D. soon learned the feeling with which the champion regarded him, and withdrew without attempting to execute his threats of vengeance upon the Judge.

END OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.—The celebrated Lady Hamilton was distinguished almost above every other of her age, for personal beauty. Her accomplishments were scarcely inferior to her beauty. She was skillful in music and painting, she had exquisite taste, and her features would express every emotion by turns. The only occasion on which before of Fonthill Abby threw open his splendid mansion to company, was when Lady Hamilton along with Lord Nelson visited it. All that the wealth of the wealthy owner could furnish was provided to give splendor to the scene. The grounds were illuminated by lamps and torches, and the interior of the apartments was a blaze of jewelry, gold and silver. Spiced wine and confectionary in golden baskets, were handed round to the company. A numerous party was assembled, and Lady Hamilton shone, the envy of them all. Attired in a rich costume, she entered with a golden urn in her hands, and recited some verses, which the company was far too polite not to applaud spoken as they were by one who had such influence over the hero of the hour.—No one was there to tell her that all this was deception; that sin surely carried its own punishment with it, and that the pleasure she was enjoying was but a vain shadow! 13 years after the banquet at Fonthill had taken place, a ladybuying some meat for her dog at a butcher's stall in Calais, was thus accosted by the butcher's wife—"Ah, madam, you seem a benevolent lady, and upstairs there is a poor English woman, who would be glad for the smallest piece of meat which you are buying for your dog." Who was the grateful recipient of such humble alms? Alas! it was the beautiful Lady Hamilton! After the death of Lord Nelson, deserted by those who had fawned upon her in prosperity, she gradually became impoverished, and died in a wretched lodge at Calais. Her property consisted only of a few pawnbroker's duplicate. Her body was put into a common deal-box, without any inscription; and over the praised of statesman, warriors, poets and artists, the funeral service was read by an officer of half-pay. Such was the end of the beautiful Lady Hamilton.

IRISH NEGRO.

An Irishman, with his family, landing at Philadelphia, was assisted on shore by a negro, who spoke to Patrick in Irish. The latter taking the black fellow for one of his countrymen, asked how long he had been in America; about four months, was the reply. The choppfallen Irishman turned to his wife and exclaimed—"But four months in this country, and almost as black as jet!"

THE DUTCH WIDOWER.

Mine frow was no better as she ort to be, till shust before she diet; and den she was so goot as before, remarked Mr. Vanderhoad to his neighbor.

Your wife was an amiable woman, and you do great injustice to her memory, said Mr. Pluggins.

Well, what you know so much about mine vrow?

I was not intimate with her, but I am sure all her acquaintances loved her.

Wot right had they to love her? May be—

May be what?

May be you loved mine vrow too.

Why do you speak so strangely?

Wy, von day a pig ugly man shust like you, came into mine house and kiss mine frow right before her face.

Were you present?

To pe sure I was.

Well, what did you do?

I kicked him behind his pack.

Did he resent it?

Yaw, he proke me and de looking glass, and all de rest of de crockery in the house, 'cept de felder bed, into smash.

What did you do then?

Then I cried muter! muter! muter! and I called the Shudge and the Shury, and the police officer and the constable to come, and he runned away.

Do you intend to charge me with taking such unwarrantable liberties with the companion of your bosom?

Me no sharge potin for it now, because she pe tead and burried.

I will not allow you to make such insinuations. You are an old tyrant and everybody said you were glad when your wife died.

Every body be von tamliar.

I saw no symptoms of sorrow.

Me felt wose tan if mine pest cow had died.

Your cow! what a comparison.

She was a great loss—a heavy loss—for she was so pig as dat, (spreading out his arms), and she weighed more as two hundred pounds.

Look out, old man, or you will see trouble—I don't believe your wife was ever kissed by any man after her marriage. At all events you must apologise for what you said to me.

Wot is apologise?

You must beg my pardon, and say you are sorry; if you do not, I will horse-whip you.

I pe sorry, then.

Sorry for what?

Sorry that you kiss mine frow.

You incorrigible idiot. That is not what you must say, for I never did such a thing in my life.

Must I pe sorry you rever did such a thing?

No—you must now take back what you have said.

While the Dutchman was in this dilemma, his friend Hans Hamburger came along, and finally succeeded in reconciling the parties, when the trio adjourned to a neighboring coffee house.

THE CROPS.—The crops will be very heavy this year. Take the country through, the accounts are highly favorable. In reference to our own State we have a somewhat mixed account so far. In the Southwest—the extreme South-west—the fall wheat is saved, and is a fine crop. As you come further North, it is injured by the cold and chinch-bug.—North of the Missouri, in the more Northern counties especially, the wheat has failed, with some exceptions. In the South-west, the corn has been very backward, and so it is in the North, but there is a strong likelihood that the rains and continued heat have helped it along so that there will be a fair average crop. Oats are nearly a failure, except in some limited localities. The counties bordering on the Missouri river, the chief customers of St. Louis—rich agricultural counties all—have fine crops of every sort, beautiful corn well advanced, wheat good, and all harvested, oats prime. But in some of the back counties there will be a scarcity of both oats and corn. The hemp, speaking generally, is well advanced for the season, very tall, and will turn out well.—St. Louis Leader.

A sentimental young gentleman learning that one of his female acquaintances was about to ascend in a balloon with an aeronaut, addressed her as follows:

"Forbear, sweet girl! the task forgo, And thus our anxious troubles end; That you will mount, full well we know, But greatly fear you'll ne'er descend."

"When angels see a mortal rise, So mild, so beautiful, and fair, They'll woo her spirit to the skies, And keep their angel sister there."

These lines fell under the eye of another gentleman friend of the young lady, who at once put the finishing touch upon them, thus:

"That graceless chap, with whom you fly, Despite of all you do or say, When sailing in the upper sky, Will get you in the 'milky way.'"

SOMETHING NEW.

An invention rivaling in ingenuity Phoenix's 'Hen Persuader,' if not his 'Felin Attachmen,' has just been put on exhibition at a window in Broadway, which attracts a curious crowd. It consists of a rolling cylinder set in the side of a box, which (the box) is surmounted by wire open-work cupola. The cylinder is covered with treacle, and crowds of vagrant flies light down upon it. There they become so completely absorbed in the entrancing sweets they are feeding upon that they fail to observe the gentle, treacherous, revolving motion of the cylinder, until, too late, they are carried inside of the fatal box, are scraped off by some unseen diabolical mechanism, rise up into the wire pipe, and buzz beautifully.—It is scarcely necessary to remark that once imprisoned, the flies may be kept until they give bonds for their future good behavior, or are otherwise disposed of as prudence or domestic economy may dictate.—N. Y. Post.

THE NEW YORK DAILY AND WEEKLY NEWS.—This sterling Democratic sheet visits our sactum regularly, and we consider it one of the very best papers on our exchange list.—The News is the organ of the New York Democracy and is continually dealing heavy blows at Black "Republican" fanaticism, and its co-opponent of Democracy. Know Nothingism. Its editorials are of a highly conservative character—logical without being labored—while its news columns are equal to those of any paper in the Union in point of interest and as regards the very latest intelligence from all parts of the world. Reading matter of a lighter nature is also found in it in profusion.

Our readers will notice that we clip from it quite often, and especially do we print "Pierce Pungent's Proverbs"—they are gems. P. P. is a team! "Long may he wave!"—The subscription price of The News is for the Daily, \$5; for Weekly, \$1 per annum, in advance. We are heartily glad to perceive that its Southern circulation is rapidly increasing. Those of our people who wish to take a Northern newspaper which is worthy of their support had better subscribe for The News forthwith—they will never regret it.—The Republic, Camden, Ala.

DEATH OF EX-SECRETARY DOBBIN.

—The Hon. John C. Dobbin, the late Secretary of the Navy, died on Wednesday, at Fayetteville. Mr. Dobbin's decease was expected, and for a long time he has been in infirm health. The administration of the Navy Department under Secretary Dobbin was highly creditable to his industry and talent, and several important reforms are due to his sagacity and judgement. The building of the Niagara and the five other large steam frigates, forms an important era in the history of our Navy, and the Secretary is entitled to no small share of the honor. This is we believe the only prominent position occupied by Mr. D. outside of his own State. It sufficed, however, to secure to Mr. Dobbin the respect of the country as a public officer and a man.

THE PRESIDENT AND AN IRISHMAN.

The President of the United States stopped at Philadelphia, on his way to Washington. He came in the steamboat from Trenton, N. J. While on board the boat, a well dressed, ruddy complexioned man addressed him in these words: "I am an Irishman, sir; I understand you are the President of the United States, and I desire to have the honor to shake hands with you." "With great pleasure, sir," said Mr. Adams, extending his hand and shaking that of the person who addressed him. "May I ask, sir," said the President, "how you like this country?" "Indeed, sir," said the Irishman, "I like it very much. I like it so much that I intend to become a native!" The President smiled, and with a gentle inclination of the head, said—"We shall be happy, sir, to have such fellow citizens."

DEMOCRACY.—The etymology of this word—the strength of the people—bespeaks favor among the masses. It is the people, and they are of it. It makes a man sovereign, his being the only right divine. It opens up the broadest vista of liberty, by clothing him with the mantle of popular power. It is opposed to exclusive conservative aristocracy and all bearings of monarchical tendency. It is the parent of progress, the handmaid of reform, the twin brother of freedom. To the tyrant it is odious, to the hypocrite dangerous. It hails from the harbor of happiness and flings its banner before the breeze of independence. The oppressor fears it as a plague. The trampled slave looks at it as a blessing. When all other forms of political creed are swept off the page of human record, democracy will remain—the triumphant monument of mine, the great patent of liberty as a legacy to nations, the foe of tyranny, the guardian angel of truth, it will survive the crash of empires and live in the hearts of millions as the only political divinity, to be worshipped.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.—A most distressing affair, likely to result in the death of two persons, occurred at McGregor, Clay county, Mo., last Monday. While a Mr. Frederick Durand was settling with his clerk, some dispute arose about a balance of \$5 which the clerk claimed as due him. The clerk demanded the money, and Mr. Durand answered that nothing was due to him, whereupon the former left the store. In a short time he returned and again demanded payment of \$5. Durand answered as before. "There is nothing due you," whereupon the clerk immediately drew a knife and thrust it seven times into Durand's back, piercing his body nearly through. Durand ran up stairs to his dwelling, and his wife, who was near the period of her confinement, seeing the blood from her husband's wounds, was thrown into convulsions, from which it was not expected she would recover.

MUSQUITOES IN FLORIDA.—The Key West correspondent of the Charleston Mercury, in his letter of the 10th inst., speaking of mosquitoes, which since the last heavy rains, have become very troublesome on the Key, says:

In the everglades these pests of Southern life are frightfully abundant. At Fort Dallas they are so plentiful that both officers and men rave; the guard on duty pass their whole time under bars. The sentry is provided with a mosquito veil, or rather bag, thrown over the head, and kept out from the face by a hoop; woolen clothes, boots, and gauntleted gloves protect the limbs from their murderous attacks.—Persons who have not experienced this beauty of Southern life will scarcely believe that horses and cattle are actually bled to death in a single night; and woe to the that soldier or seaman who, by means of liquor, lose command of himself and falls to the ground, helpless and unprotected—those insatiable vampires will fasten their fangs upon him, and draw from his besotted body what fevered blood remains.